

AMORET,
OR,
Policy Defeated;
In a *Satyrical*
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
MOPsus and DAMON.

*Jupiter in Cælis, Cæsar regat omnia Terris;
Regnet at omnipotens undique, solus Amor.*

LONDON,
Printed for Daniel Brown at the Sign of the Black Swan
and Bible without Temple-Bar, 1682.

AMORET

OR

In a

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

MICHAEL AND DAVID

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,
THE

Earl of KINGSTON.

As some young Bee, bore by high Winds far from his proper Hive, at last i'th' Hollow of some stately Oak it's little Stock of Honey lays; which, when found by some Swain, proves a grateful Present to his Countrey-Love, so I separate from the vast Swarm of Poets, whose united Buzzings secure themselves, humbly offer this first innocent Essay to your Probation; which, though not its Sweetness, may the sincere Respect I bear your Honour, make acceptable: And trust me, Sir, the Goodness of a Flower is not so much proved by their often sucking,

as

as yours will be in Pardoning this first Attempt: And where may Services well meant, hope Forgiveness, if not in your Honourable Family, which, as it has always met, and deserv'd, Honour from the Supreme Fountain of Honour; so those who've had Dependence on You, have in their proper Stations found its kinder Influence? And I beg your Lordship would permit me own my self what I really am,

Your Lordships

Most Humble Servant,

L. C.

T H E

THE PREFACE.

After some small Consideration, I found, that Truth, as well as the Ladies, move us most when nearest Naked; and this sort of Verse (if ever she wore Poetry) has most become her: others being either so close wrought, they totally hid; or fine-spun, they immodestly discover'd those Secrets that were not to be seen at all times.

Which possibly may be the Reason why the most ingenious Satyrs have not had that happy effect that was designed or expected. And may be those that fear her in that, may embrace her in This. And then no matter whether through the Mimickry of a Fool, or Precepts of a Wise Man, we see our Failings, so we do but leave them. I do not expect this will pass for the reason of my Choicewith all; for some will certainly imagine I put this taudry Crape in her hands, meerly because I had no Silk in my Shop; but since I design not Custom, that will not spoil my Trade.

I do not here, City-Friends, accuse any of you of being Authors of a wicked Design against the State, but only fear Ignoramus may have so far got the upper hand of you, as to blind your Judgments, while you may be made Properties by others. Nay, and when some probably would have plainly told you; that while you neglected your Business at home, to mind State-Affairs abroad, your Wives took indirect means for Family-Duties, and made you London-Cuckolds. I have modestly

modestly withdrawn into the Country, meerly to save your Reputations, and the Honour of your Families.

Yet since I fear I'me still in the same danger 'twixt Whig and Bromigam, as St. Paul 'twixt Pharisees and Sadduces; I think it Wisdom to make a Party. Know then Loyalists, I am (as they term you) a Tory, the Son of a Tory, and for the hope of a restauration of their Wits, to men that are out of them, and Peace and Quietness to the Realm, am I this day call'd in question; and unless you with a Band of charitable Censures make a Rescue; who knows what may become of me? And I think I have partly oblig'd you thereunto, in leaving Mopsus and his Wife unreconcil'd meerly for your sakes.

But why do I publish my own Impertinencies, while I endeavour to suppress others? The truth of it is, if they who understand no more of Government, than I of Poetry, would but lay aside their curious Inquisitions into, and saucy Reflections upon, Matters of State; they should be sure of never being troubled more with Rhime of mine: though I cut off my hand, and cast it from me, for so much as once offending them. And if by any means I obtain my End, I shall do as much good to the Body Politick, as he to the Ecclesiastick, who first purg'd the Church from the Superstitious Errors, it once labour'd under.

Policy

[1]



A M O R E T,

OR,

Policy Defeated;

IN A

SATYRICAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

M O P S U S & D A M O N,

Mopsus.

SO; now you're serious, and that Pipe's laid by,
Once more on you I'll *Reformation* try.

Damon, you know I've urg'd, that of all *Laws*,
Nature's, to us presses most home the *Cause* :

But since to private Int'rest you prefer

The *publick Good*, you must it's *Ruine* share.

B

Why

Why then so unconcern'd do you pass by
 Of common Danger the all-moving Cry?
 You've heard what I e'ne tremble to repeat;
 Nor wou'd, but only to prevent your Fate:
 How at *last* *Mart* with discontented Look,
 Of *Plots* so feelingly the *Stranger* spoke,
 As us with *Ruin's* dreadful apprehension shook.

Damon.

I heard, and mind not, be they true or sham'd,
 Or whether th'Authors shall be sav'd or damn'd.

Mopsus.

Nay now you'r mad, since you'r the first that fly,
 When by the Winds, or a distemper'd Sky,
 You see some gloomy Tempest drawing nigh.
 And when last Winter's Showrs each Chanel swell'd,
 And the o'reflowing Waters drown'd the Field,
 Your well-propt Hut alone securely stood
 Th'impetuous Rowlings o'the mighty Flood.
 And will you now your wonted care let fall,
 When the vast Inundation threatens all,
 Because it threatens *All*?

Damon.

Damon.

Yes ; for'ts the way to ruine all, if they
 Whose 'tis to serve, their Ruler disobey ;
 And to save all, o're all usurp the Sway.

Mopsus.

Nay call't not so, if a distemper'd Head
 Dull'd with Disease, or erring Notions led
 Forget ; and th' hands with use grown skilful shou'd
 Supply the Stomack with it's wonted Food ;
 Without which't can't subsist, and th' Body may
 In part, and not affect the Head decay.
 Each Member then its force may joyntly try,
 To save the whole from th' growing Malady,
 And so preserve the Head.

Damon.

Hold ; for what might before have past for fear,
 And the Effects of self-preserving Care :
 Now, guiled wi'the last pretext, betrays
 The subtle curling of a Serpent's ways :
 Which, when in sweetest Flow'rs it lurking lies,
 It's pointed Venom least suspected tries.

The *Soul*, in th' *Head* has always kept its *Court*,
 And there, each *Sense* to *Council* do's resort:
 Nor can you hurt the *Body* any where,
 But *Sympathy* affects its *Agent* there.
 Now, if the major part injoyn a *Fast*,
 And Members most depending on the *Tast*,
 Under pretence decaying strength t' increase
 Shou'd apply food (the *Appetite* to please,) }
 Would minish that, and heighten the *Disease*. }

New ways of *Consequence*, because untrod,
 Misguide more *Trav'lers* than the beaten *Rode*.
 Last storm, when you with yours sought safer ground
 I kept my *Flocks* within their proper bound,
 And they were sav'd, and yours dispers'd, or drown'd,
 And since the mighty *Pan* did ne'r ordain
 A *King*, but aptly fitted him for *Reign*:
 With *Heavens* peculiar *Gifts* they'r always blest,
 And ours particularly 'bove the rest.
 Why then distrusting him or heaven, shou'd I,
 Search fates decree with a too curious eye;
 Forsake my flock, since the just *Pan* will keep
 As well the quiet shepherds as the sheep.
 Safely thro' lifes tempestuous *Sea* we steer
 Who bear our own, but make our selves no care, }
 And motions rest when in its proper *Sphere*. }
 As *Story* tells, before his time, *Sol's* *Heir*,
 Mounting but once his Father's burning *Chair*

Unfit

Unfit for Rule; though while a *Swain*, none had
 So near resemblance with a rural God:
 Perish'd himself, and with misguided flame,
 Endanger'd Heaven's Universal Frame.
 Yet lest you think 'tis dull Stupidity
 Makes me affect this safe Obscurity.
 Know I'm more Publick-Spirited than You,
 Who're cautious only of Known Plots, I, New;
 Which I'll disclose, to shew how far you've err'd.
 That very Stranger you so lately heard,
 Espouse our Cause with melting Words, and Eyes,
 That mov'd us less for our own Fate than his;
 Tries each Malitious *Satyrs* subtlest Arts
 To blind our judgments, and betray our hearts.
 No Worms more secretly decay the Rose,
 Or in our Flocks the hid Contagion grows;
 Then they, 'mongst us scatter Sedition's Seeds;
 Strive to lay fallow, or ore-run with Weeds.
 (Ere since deservedly they lost,) these flowry meeds.
 Nor wants he skill to know which best will move
 Us to his ends, Ambition, Fear, or Love. (case
 With which, when's yvrought dislike t' our present
 Moulds us to any new ones, as he please.
 Uneven tempers by the two first are sway'd,
 And you in both unluckily betray'd.
 But I untoucht resisted all his art,
 Till beauty made a passage to my heart.

For:

For (though unmov'd in Loyalty and Truth)
 He found an easie softness in my Youth.
 And all the tender symptoms that do prove
 A frame by nature pliable to Love.
 He shew'd me then the beauteous *Amoret*,
 And who cou'd see and scape ———
 He, whilst I stood with all her charms amaz'd,
 And on her heavenly features only gaz'd,
 Whisper'd soft words, such words that she
 Was pleas'd with them, and for their sakes with me.
 Such words! Each Goddess stood with listning ear,
 And smil'd, and wish'd to her he'd made the pray'r.
 They, with th' innocence of my look and mein
 Mov'd her to pity, and say, she'd be mine.

Mopsus.

Stay; now you talk of Love, did you not see my
 (For I'm so busie with the affairs of Life) Wife,
 I'de e'ne forgot to ask, although but now
 One of our Lads just told me that he saw
 A spruce young Corser o'th' other Town.
 Though 'ts out of season give her a green Gown.

Damon.

Damon.

O name not Women, they've ever been our curse,
 And of all ills to us the fatal source.
 Through Women first from Paradise we fell,
 And through that Stranger, they're Hells Agents still.
 Yours must be false, since mine is so, and she
 Had all her Sexes truth and constancy.
 Till by those arts he won her first to me,
 He taught her scorn this low humility.
 Urging her merit claim'd a Sovereign sway,
 (For she was alwaies Lady o'th' *May*.)
 And since heaven had her frame 'bove ours refin'd,
 For somewhat greater than a Swain't design'd.
 Then tamper'd thus with me, now times are fit
 For change, side thou with me, I'll make thee *Great*.
 You say, you love; and greatness will regain
 Your *Amoret*, and firmly both maintain.
 'Twas well I lov'd (for the well baited hook
 My sinking virtue desperately shook)
 Till that, with just disdain my heart did fire,
 (For that, where birth fails, can great Souls inspire.)
 What though her shape excells all Womankind,
 My admiration's not to that confin'd.
 I lov'd her virtue, and when that decays,
 Fancy may live, but real passion dies.

Tell

Tell her, said I, I here her loss will mourn.
 And use base means, (though to enjoy her,) scorn.
 'Tis just that You, who your *Allegiance* loose,
 Shou'd have't repaid by Wives, in broken Vows.
 But why must I be lost, since none did more
 Then *Damon*, all you *Deities*, adore.
 No Shepherd did more holy Off'rings bring,
 Lambs, fruit, fresh waters o'th' living Spring,
 Or did in sweeter Notes your praises sing.
 Not even they whose virtue grew so high,
 As here on earth to share your *Deity*.
 'Twas well-plac'd Love rais'd most of you to Gods,
 And I in *Amoret* had sure the Odds.
 O no ! though Beauty finely guild the Face
 'Tis Golden Constancy that makes the Price;
 And such were they, so to their Lovers true,
 That had you then been Gods, they had resisted you.
 'Twas such I dreamt my *Amoret* wou'd prove;
 And such she was, when led by artless Love.
 You may remember; how each Sunny day,
 (With' same Innocence those Young Lambs play)
 In every pleasant Shade inclasp'd we lay,
 And in soft breathings sigh'd our Souls away.
 No damask rose so purely blush'd, as she,
 Such was the force of native modesty.
 Whilst in her bosom wantonly I threw,
 Pinks, Vilets, Jes'min, (sweetest Flowers that grew)
 Yet sweeter there, then in *May's* pearly dew.

I carv'd

I carv'd her name on every growing bark ;
 With that I did my wandring younlings mark.
 There were unens'd lay open to the *Strand*,
 Her name prescrib'd the limits o' my Land.
 I found no Bird that nature fram'd for speech,
 But did ther name in various Sonets teach.
 That made the sweetest musick o' the wood,
 And Eccho, that so plainly understood :
 That 'twou'd oft self in whistling Winds repeat,
 And in just motions neighb'ring Waters beat.
 But now, bleak Winds blast all the tender Sprouts,
 And quaking Sheep peirce thro their tater'd Coats.
 No Birds are heard here, but the gastly Owl }
 Shrieking her baleful note; Wolves howl, }
 And stormy Waves in foaming Billows roul : }
 You see I'm not the merry Swain I was }
 But here forlorn, stretch'd on this witherd grass, }
 In doleful sighs the tedious hours pass.

She heard (for *Cupid* so design'd) while she
 Beneath a Wilows shady Covert lay.
 And whether shame made her so long forbear,
 Or curiosity of hearing more.
 Who knows ? at last, she, lest he farther griev'd,
 His drooping Spirits in such words reviv'd.

C

I, thro

I, thro another, first to you did yield :
 But's your own merit now has won the field,
 I heard Maids always did their Lovers try,
 Ere they resign'd themselves, and liberty.
 But lest, thro ill conduct in the search, there lie
 Some seeming cause for future jealousy.
 Know that I stood by all their Arts unmov'd, (lov'd.
 And most, then when I seem'd to scorn, my *Damon*
 And, thus, their ease and wealth I'll quit, for you;
 And that's a pow'rful argument I'm true.
 Come, since the night grows on, let's homeward go,
 And love, when there, will prompt us what to do.
 He, snatch'd his Pipe, and as they went, he play'd
 Such tender notes, as sooth'd the yielding Maid,
 And she to work his growing passion high,
 Sung to his Pipe, in sweetest harmony,
 These following Words,

Since Lov's the business of our Sex,
 'T's your's to keep us True.
Pan Shepherds only made for us,
 And us, rewards to you.

If we Love on; then call's not false,
 Tho it should prove elsewhere.
 'Tis you are false, in leaving yours,
 We move but in our Sphere.

So

(I I)

So Planets, tho they're wandring Stars,
(And yo've oft cal'd me so ;)
We've found in their unequal ways
A just proportion go.

Mopsus the while, wi'th' same grizly Beard,
That made him once, as *Policitian*, fear'd;
And help of horns sneakt off wi'th' next Herd. }

F I N I S.